And by the grace of God and this mine arme,
To proue him (in defending of my selfe)
A traytor to my God, my King, and me,
And as I truely fight, defend me heaven.

Tucket. Enter Hereford, and Harold.

Rich. Marshall: aske yonder Knight in Armes,
Both who he is, and why he commeth hither,
Thus placed in habiliments of warre:
And formally according to our Law
Depose him in the iustice of his cause.

Mar. What is thy name, and wherefore com'st thou hither
Before King *Richard* in his Royall Lists?
Against whom com'st thou? and what's thy quarrell?
Speake like a true Knight, so defend thee Heaven.

Bul. *Harry* of *Hereford*, *Lancaster*, and *Derby*,
Am I: who ready here doe stand in Armes,
To prove by heavens grace, and my bodies valour,
In Lists, on *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of Norfolke,
That he's a Traytor foule and dangerous,
To God of heaven, King *Richard*, and to me,
And as I truely fight, defend me heaven.

Mar. On paine of death, no person be so bold,
Or daring hardy as to touch the Lists,
Except the Marshall, and such Officers
Appoynted to direct these faire designes.

Bul. Lord Marshall, let me kisse my Soueraignes hand,
And bow my knee before his Maiesty:
For *Mowbray* and my selfe are like two men,
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage,
Then let vs take a ceremonius leave
And loving farewell of our severall friends.

Mar. The Appealant in all duty greets your Highnes,
And craves to kisse your hand, and take his leave.

Rich. We will descend, and fold him in our armes.
Cosin of *Hereford*, as thy cause is iust,
So be thy fortune in this royall fight:
Farewell, my blood, which if to day thou shead,

Lament we may, but not reuenge thee dead.

Bul. Oh let no Noble eye prophane a teare
For me, if I be goar'd with *Morbrayes* speare:
As confident, as is the Falcons flight
Against a Bird, doe I with *Mowbray* fight.
My loving Lord, I take my leave of you,
Of you (my Noble Cosin) Lord *Aumerle*;
Not sicke, although I have to doe with death,
But lusty, young, and chearely drawing breath.
Loe, as at English Feasts, so I regreet
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet.
Oh thou the earthy author of my blood,
Whose youthfull spirit in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigor lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,
Adde proofe unto mine Armour with thy prayers,
And with thy blessings steele my Lances-poynt,
That it may enter *Mowbayes* waxen Coate,
And furbish new the name of *John a Gaunt*,
Even in the lusty haviour of his sonne.

Gaunt. Heaven in thy good cause make thee prosp'rous,
Be swift like lightning in the execution,
And let thy blowes doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the Caske
Of thy amaz'd pernicious enemy.
Rouze up thy youthfull blood, be valiant, and live.

Bul. Mine innocence, and S. *George* to thrive.

Mow. How ever Heaven or fortune cast my lot,
There lives, or dyes, true to King *Richards* Throne,
A loyall, iust, and upright Gentleman:
Never did Captiue with a freer heart,
Cast off his chaines of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontroul'd enfranchisement,
More than my dancing soule doth celebrate
This Feast of Battle, with mine adversary.
Most mighty Liege, and my companion Peeres,
Take from my mouth, the wish of happy yeares,
As gentle, and as jocond, as to jest,